

THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

VOLUME I.

POINT PLEASANT, VA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1862.

NUMBER 24.

The Weekly Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEORGE W. TIPPETT.

Main Street,
POINT PLEASANT, VA.
TERMS:—One dollar per annum, *strictly in advance.*

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Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

Will practice in the Courts of law and Chancery in Mason. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims, and other business entrusted to their care. Address: Andrew Parks, Kanawha C. H., Va. James W. Hogg, Winfield, Putnam county, Va. B. J. Redmond, Point Pleasant, Va. May 29 1y.

E. M. FITZGERALD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Office at Court-House, PT. PLEASANT, VA.

WM. H. TOMLINSON,

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POINT PLEASANT, VA.

Will practice in Mason and Putnam and adjacent counties. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.
Feb. 27, 1862-1y.

C. P. T. MOORE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office on Main street, [Pt. Pleasant, Va.]
July 24-25y1.

THOS. B. KLINE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office at the Kline House.

POINT PLEASANT, VA.

Will practice in the counties of Mason, Putnam, Cabell and Wayne.
Aug. 21, 1862-1y.

DR. JAMES H. HOFF

TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Point Pleasant, and vicinity. He keeps constantly on hand a large supply of drugs, oil, paints, dyes, varnish, essences, extracts, perfumery and soaps of all kinds and patent medicines and a very superior article of kerosene. He also has a large stock of tobacco, cigars and an excellent article of pure elder vinegar.
Feb. 27, 1862-1y.

DR. C. R. STERNEMAN,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Office on Second Street, above Public square, CALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Where all operations pertaining to Dentistry are performed in the best style of the profession. Terms Cash.
Feb. 6, 1862-1y.

DR. S. G. SHAW,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

TENDERS his professional services to the public. Calls from the country promptly attended to. Office on Front Street, adjoining the "Virginia House."
Feb. 27, 1862-1y.

ROBERT S. BICKEL,

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Ready Made Clothing.

Cloths, Cassimers, Vestings.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Tailors Trimmings, &c.

Corner Main and 4th Streets.

POINT PLEASANT, VA.

Clothing made to order in the very best style at the shortest notice, and at the lowest prices. Orders from the distance solicited.
Feb. 27 1862-1y.

Mechanics and Mechanics Bank of

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POINT PLEASANT BRANCH,

CAPITAL \$186,000.

C. C. MILLER, President.

J. D. THOMPSON, Cashier.

INTEREST.

J. D. McCulloch, S. G. Shaw,

A. McCausland, James Chishart,

C. C. Miller, John McCulloch,

P. S. Lewis.

Discount day Tuesday.

February 27, 1862-1y.

TO DISABLED SOLDIERS, SEAMAN &

Marines and widows or other heirs of those who have died or been killed in the service.

CHAS. TUCKER, Attorney for claimants, Bounty Land and Pension Agent, Washington, D. C.

Pensions procured for soldiers, seamen and marines of the present war, who are disabled by reason of wounds received, or disease contracted while in service and Pension, Bounty Money and arrears of pay obtained for widows or other heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service.

Bounty land procured for services in any of the other wars.

CHAS. TUCKER, Washington, D. C.

Those entitled to Pensions, Bounty Land or Bounty Money, can have their claims prepared and forwarded to Mr. Tucker by calling at the Register office.

Job Work of all kinds done at this office with neatness and dispatch.

POETICAL.

"KATE," OF ILLINOIS.

BY WILLIAM S. HAYS.

Kate Connor was a country lass,
Scarce eighteen years of age;
She loved her country as her God,
Like a hero or a sage.
The Rebels scoured all the land,
And crushed our freeds joys,
But one brave lass would ne'er give up,
Twas Kate, of Illinois.

Secession flags were now unfurled,
From all the house-tops round;
There was but one good Union flag,
That ever could be found.
There floated proudly in the air,
The flag of Yankee boys—
Twas hoisted both at noon and eve,
By Kate of Illinois.

One eve a lot of Rebels came,
And saw it in the air—
"Take that flag down!" Kate Connor said,
"Just touch it, if you dare!"
She held a pistol in each hand,
And fear had seized the boys.
"The first that pulls that flag, I'll shoot,"
Said Kate, of Illinois.

"How many men are in the house?"
The Rebel captain said:
"There is enough, sir, to protect
The flag you see o'er head,
And there, that flag shall ever wave,
For Uncle Sam's boys
Will whip you, and protect it, too,"
Said Kate, of Illinois.

"Then let it stand," the captain said,
"That's more than you will do,
We wouldn't harm a lady—no!"
"I'm pluck enough for you!"
Go home you rebel vagabonds,
And throw away your toys.
They each one left, full satisfied
With Kate, of Illinois.

The Union men, in hot pursuit
Of Rebels, passed the place,
They saw the first old Union flag,
And saw Kate Connor's face.
A General rode to her and said,
Three cheers, my Yankee boys:
Three for the flag, and three loud cheers
For Kate, of Illinois.

Waverly.

Hartford City, Mason County, Va.,

August 14, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—It is because of a deep and abiding love for my country and the great fundamental principles of our government, and those institutions that have grown out of and rest upon those principles as their foundation, that I venture to trouble you with another communication.

It is without doubt, apparent to you and to all loyal men everywhere throughout the country, that the great cardinal idea of our republican form of government and being assailed by a vigilant and powerful enemy, who are as implacable and uncompromising as the old fiend of darkness is with the constitution of Heaven, and that the enemies of our government are not confined to those only who have taken up arms and are found in battle array against those who have left home and all endearments to defend our liberties, and sustain the constitution given to us by our fathers; but there are traitors, who are still prowling around in the country everywhere, who are just as malignant and venomous as Jeff. Davis himself, but have far less principle. They are wolves in sheep's clothing, whited sepulchers, which appear beautiful without, but inwardly are full of dead men's bones, and of all manner of hypocrisy and deception. You might in the language of a very eminent theologian, take hell, and you could not find throughout all that dark abode of wickedness and abomination, just such a poor, wretched, unprincipled, set of thieving, God forsaken, gang of desperadoes, as these very same plotters of treason against the best government that Heaven has ever conferred upon man. And these men at this very time and while they are crying out the Constitution as it is—the Union as it was—are clandestinely and in as conspicuous a manner as they dare, getting up counter currents and paralyzing as far as they can, the efforts of the loyal men to induce volunteers to go into that very army that is now fighting to sustain that constitution and defend the government. Now, I ask any honest man, any lover of his country, any true patriot, how does this look? Does it appear honest? Does it appear consistent? Is it manly? If this is honest! If this is consistent! If this is manly! Then, sir, justice is injustice, truth is a lie, light is darkness, heaven is hell, and he that is aiming to destroy the constitution, and he that is trying to save it, are both aiming at the same thing. These men deny that this is what they are doing. Yes, I know you deny it. You know that such a course is contemptible and deserves the anathemas and scorn of both men and devils, and when it rises up before you in all its native deformity, it looks so detestable, that it makes you ashamed to admit that you are the man. You are the men, nevertheless, and generations

yet unborn, will write the disgraceful epitaph upon your tomb-stones. Here lie the men who cried, the "Constitution as it is—the Union as it was," while they were secretly and maliciously giving aid and comfort to those who were armed rebellion, for the purpose of overthrowing that Constitution and Union. When these men will try to "interpose" by saying that the bounty lands which the government intends to give to their soldiers, is good for nothing—that it consists of nothing but marshes, swamps and frog ponds. When they say the South must have what they ask for, and that they will have it. When they denounce the government as a *bores government*. When they oppose drafting, should it become necessary. When outwardly manifest signs of inward rejoicing over the disasters and defeats of the defenders of the Constitution. When they oppose the confiscation of these rebels' property for the benefit of the army. When they do all this, what does it mean? Does it mean loyalty? No, sir! It is treason and nothing short of treason. These very men know that, in their very heart they hate the government, and would rejoice to see that *legis concern South of Mason and Dixon's line triumph*. Then we ask, in conclusion, what are the true uncompromising lovers of the Union, to do? Are we to lay supinely down, and suffer these paxious weeds to grow up around us without rebuke? No, sir! Liberty is the price of eternal vigilance, and if we wish to preserve our liberties untroubled, for ourselves and our posterity, we must work—every man of us and feel that upon our army alone hangs liberty. Every freeman in this whole land must contribute to the support of the country's cause. And that man who lags behind and refuses to act, whilst his country's life is in danger, gives ground for suspicion. It is true we can not all go to war, but we can all do something; some in one capacity, and some in another. The tree of liberty must be cultivated, all these poisonous vapors that might cast any chilling blasts upon it, thus preventing its growing luxuriantly and filling the land with life.

Since writing the above, I have been informed that Col. Crook's cavalry came across the bandits who made the raid on this place, capturing three hundred of them, and retaking all of the men and arms which they had taken. I have ascertained that they were a part of Ashby's cavalry, from Stonewall Jackson's army. They destroyed the telegraph fixtures at this point, but it has since been repaired. They burned three houses.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP SOMMERVILLE, NICHOLAS CO.,

August 5th, 1862.

Friend Tippet:—As you requested me, before leaving the "Point," to occasionally drop you a line, I thought, as I had not much else to do today, I would give you a few lines in regard to our "ups and downs."

We left Winfield—the place where I last had the pleasure of seeing you,—on the 9th of May, and arrived at Gauley Bridge on the third day after starting. We remained at the Bridge about one day, when we received marching orders—started, and arrived at Raleigh C. H., on the evening of the second day after leaving the Bridge. Here we remained a little over two months, having considerable scouting to do, slightly interspersed with guard duty and drill.

Friday evening, the 25th ult., orders came to be ready for the road in fifteen minutes, consequently everything was bustle and confusion—wagons loading with commissary stores, and officers and men occupied in packing their chests and knapsacks, ready for a "forward march." The boys were now sure that this time at least, we were bound for "Dixie's Land." We all felt rejoiced at the prospect of again meeting the foe, but were not like some of the regiments, "spoiling for a fight."

About seven o'clock all was ready, our tents were "struck" and loaded, and we marched that night about fifteen miles, when we halted for a rest. After the men and horses had been pretty well rested, we again started, marching fifteen miles more, which brought us to the town of Fayetteville, where we halted for two hours. Here we got our "regular rations" of Coffee and cake.

Now the orders came,—"fall in, fall in!"—then "attention battalion,—sing

knapsacks, take arms, shoulder arms, two ranks, right face, forward, route step march," and again we went through the "promenade all," according to Hardee. That day we once more reached Gauley Bridge, having marched a distance of forty-five miles in about fifteen hours, which I think will do to brag on, considering the beautiful little hills which we had to cross. The next evening our Colonel—on dress parade—issued a congratulatory order to the men, complimenting them on their quick march, and the good order in which they arrived at the Bridge.

MORE MARCHING.

We had been at the bridge but a few days, when Companies E and C, were ordered to this place, a distance of forty miles; and here we are, comfortably quartered in the Catholic church, which we have turned into a fort. It was not until after we had arrived at this place that we rightly understood the cause of our hurried departure from Raleigh, but we now know, and I will try and explain under the head of

A RAID ON SOMMERVILLE.

On Friday morning, July 25th, about 3 o'clock, the pickets at this place, were surprised by a dash of cavalry, who came in large numbers, taking about 60 prisoners out of two companies of the 9th Va. Reg., who were quartered here. Among the prisoners taken, were Lieut. Colonel Starr, of the 9th Va., and all of the company officers of one of the companies. There were one or two men killed and two or three wounded; the balance, about 60 made their escape.

The cavalry, who made the dash, are supposed to be Guerrillas, calling themselves "Moccasin Rangers," of which there are a great many in this county; we took three of them yesterday, and they had ten guns. They are regular bushwhackers.

Immediately after the raid, one of the 9th Va. boys who escaped made his way to Col. Crook's camp at Meadow Bluffs, a distance of forty miles, when our regiment was telegraphed to go to Gauley, as there was an attack expected

Since writing the above, I have been informed that Col. Crook's cavalry came across the bandits who made the raid on this place, capturing three hundred of them, and retaking all of the men and arms which they had taken. I have ascertained that they were a part of Ashby's cavalry, from Stonewall Jackson's army. They destroyed the telegraph fixtures at this point, but it has since been repaired. They burned three houses.

SECESSION ANTIPTITIES.

The Secessionists in this part of the country seem to have a deadly hatred for the men composing the Union army, whom they designate "Yankees." It is no uncommon occurrence, whilst marching along, to hear some little tow-heads—four year old scotch—yell out, "Mar, Mar, oh Mar, come and see the damned Yankees." It seems that a hatred of the Yankees has been instilled into the minds of the children by their devil parents.

Since we have been here, I have been informed by citizens, that the devils incarnate who had been here, had thrown two or three of our men into the flames of the burning houses, where they were consumed! Whether this be true or not I cannot state, but certain I am, that among the ruins are plainly to be seen some bones, and here are a few lines which were posted on the foundation wall of one of the burned houses, which I give you *verbatim et literatim*.

"Three Yankees we sent to hell this way,
The balance we'll send another day."
[Signed] "Moccasin Rangers."

You can see by this, that they are a regular set of robbers and murderers—hell hounds—not fit to mate with devils damned. Still there are some good Union men here; though they are like "Angels visits, few and far between."

SOLDIERS' TRICKS.

A soldier could no more live without fun, than a fish could without water. I will give you one or two of their tricks:

Whilst some of Company C were out scouting, some time since, they came to a house where there were a couple who wished to get married, and they enquired whether there was a preacher in our company, they were informed that there was, and that the following Sabbath he would be here and *give 'em*. Accordingly on Sabbath morning, Jack K—, "our pet" (in devilment,) fixed up in his Sunday-go-to-meeting-dry-goods, and

started for farmer J—'s house, accompanied by a few of his boon companions. Arrived there we found the couple ready to be hitched. "Our pet," pulled out the document purporting to be license, and commenced the operation of "splicing" them. In a few minutes all was over, and we pitched into a regular "Old Virginia hoe-down," in which even "our pet,"—the preacher joined—After the ceremony, the groom enquired "what the bill was," he was informed that the license cost seventy-five cents, and that *tying the knot* was worth as much more. The bill was paid.

Before taking our departure, farmer J—, invited "our pet" to come to his house on the following Sunday to preach, but "our pet" excused himself, and when farmer J—, pressed him, "our pet"—being rather hasty—replied that he be d—d if he could find time to come. About that time we skeddaddled, leaving farmer J— with his eyes "sticking out about a foot."

THE NEWS.

Our mail facilities here are very irregular, and it is with pleasure that we hail the arrival of a messenger with the news. I will give you a list of prices of papers and letters here:

Point Pleasant Weekly Register, 9 per copy 10 cents; Cincinnati Commercial, 5 cents; old letters, first reading, 3; second reading 2 cents.

Letters directed to ourselves, are not to be read over more than twice before turning them over to your bunk mate, under a penalty of two cents fine. News, in fact, is a thing that we get very little of, and since the fighting before Richmond, we have had absolutely nothing.

By the above you will see that the Register is in demand among the boys here. There is no discount on it, sure.

MUSINGS.

For the maintenance of our nationality and unity we have been called from our homes and friends to share together the dangers and hardships of an unnatural and civil warfare, brought into life by a few unprincipled men, high in office, and fanned by the breath of traitors.

So that our armies prove victorious and are long the rattle snake of treason be "crushed to earth to rise no more," and those of us who shall remain be permitted to return to our peaceful quiet homes and firesides. Already there have thousands of our brave soldier boys offered up their lives as a sacrifice to the glorious cause of the Union; and perhaps there will be thousands more required before this hell born war shall be ended. Already have many homes been bereft of a loving and dutiful son, and many a wife made to mourn the loss of a fond husband and father; yet, perhaps many more such sacrifices will have to be made. But, cheer up mothers, wives and daughters, your sons, husbands and brothers, have died the death of noble heroes, and their memory will be a lasting monument in the heart of the nation, and there be recorded in bold relief upon the tablets of history. They have "fought the good fight," and died upon the altar of liberty. *Requiescat in pace.*

For the present I will close. More anon. Yours, Respectfully, &c.,

HARRY LAMBRIGHT,

Company C, 11th Reg't O. V. I.

The Right Spirit.

The following, from the Pittsburg Catholic, has the ring of the true metal in it, and expresses sentiments which every loyal Irishman must approve. Alluding to the late disgraceful proceedings at St. Louis the editor says:

We see it stated that some Irishman lately claimed the protection of the British Consul at St. Louis, in order thereby to evade the enactment laws of the State of Missouri. Happily, these Irishmen were but few, and their conduct was promptly and indignantly rebuked at a public meeting of their fellow countrymen in St. Louis. We pity the Irishman who, anywhere, or under any circumstances, would claim the protection of the British flag—a flag that, to every Irishman should be the symbol of all that can sadden a patriot, and make tyranny detestable, but the Irishman who, to escape the sacred duty of defending his country, his adoption, and the hospitable, happy asylum of his race, would fly to the protection of that flag, deserves not the name he bears, and should be shunned by his countrymen as a double-dyed traitor. Thus, we doubt not, will be the fate of the craven Irishmen who have asked for British protection in St. Louis.

LATER FROM CULPEPPER.

CULPEPPER, VA., Aug. 12.—In an interview with some returned prisoners today, they stated that the enemy had treated them with kindness; but there one instance of gross outrage. Capt. O'Brien of the 3d Wisconsin Regiment, who was mortally wounded. The rebel surgeon told him he could not live, and gave him some water and left him on the field. Some rebel soldiers subsequently came up and took his watch, cut his pocket out, obtaining two hundred and sixty dollars, and leaving him there to die. This statement is from the dying man's lips.

The view of the battle field was a sight never to be forgotten. For nearly a mile the dead lay scattered in heaps at the point where Crawford's brigade twice dashed upon the enemy. The sight was fearful.

The rebel General Chas. Winder and Major Snowden Andrews, of Baltimore, of Gen. Ewell's staff, were mortally wounded. One of the rebel Generals told a Union officer he would be in Culpepper to night, but up to the small hours of the morning, he has not attempted to perform his promise.

It is now estimated that our wounded will reach 1200 men.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VA., Aug. 13.

The rebels made no stand at the Rapidan, but are retreating on Gordonsville by the Orange Court House road. Gen. Buford, with Cavalry and artillery, and Gen. Milroy, with a large force of infantry, are pursuing, and have already crossed the river at different fordable points.

The heavy rains of Monday and Tuesday have swollen the streams and delayed the crossing of detached bodies of the rebels. A portion of Jackson's infantry and a considerable train of wagons are said to be still on the north bank; having arrived by roads parallel to the other columns, and finding the ford impassable until the river falls, it is believed they will be captured.

The Times' Washington correspondent says Pope is pushing forward, Sigel and McDowell are understood to have crossed the Rapidan and to be at Orange C. H. The rebels had been expected to make some stand there; but it now seems probable that we will meet no opposition this side of Gordonsville.

Jackson is understood to be making every preparation for defending that as a vital point. Some apprehensions are expressed that the rebel General Stewart, now with Jackson, may make an attempt to renew his Richmond exploit of making a cavalry dash around the rear of our army, with a view of breaking our lines of communication.

Missouri Guerrillas Shot—Secesh Editor Arrested.

CHICAGO, Aug. 14.—The Quincy Herald of the 11th says an officer of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, who left Macon City, Missouri, Saturday morning, states that 26 rebel prisoners were shot at Macon City that morning for breaking their parole.

The same authority learns that 12 other-paroled rebel prisoners, at the same place will probably share the same fate.

D. A. Mahony, editor of the Dubuque Herald, was arrested at an early hour this morning, by the United States Marshal, on the charge of discouraging enlistments.

The President and the Colored Men.

WASHINGTON, August 14.—The President gave audience to-day to a committee of colored men, introduced by the Commissioners of Emigration. They came by invitation to hear the President's views on their present and prospective condition. The President made a lengthy speech. He said a sum of money had been placed at his disposal by Congress, for the purpose of aiding the colonization of people of African descent, thereby making it his duty, as it had been a long time his inclination, to favor that course. This he urged strongly on them, and indicated the place best calculated for their future development as an independent people.

"What a nice lot of turnips you have got!" said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Jones—the latter's children's noses being all turn-ups!

The old lady who mended her husband's breeches with a patch of grass is now smoothing her hair with the comb of a rooster.

A temperance editor, in drawing attention to an article against ardent spirits in one of the inner pages of his paper, says, "For the effects of intemperance, see our inside."

"Mr. Smith, I wish to speak to you privately. Permit me to take you apart a few moments." Smith—(who was not the least frightened)—"Certainly, sir if you'll promise to put me together again!"

"Captain—are you going to run your steamboat in this fog?" a timid passenger asked of one of the Soundskippers.—"No, sir," was the reply, "we might as well try to drive a toad through a barrel of tar."

Spare the rod, and you will have no fish for dinner.